

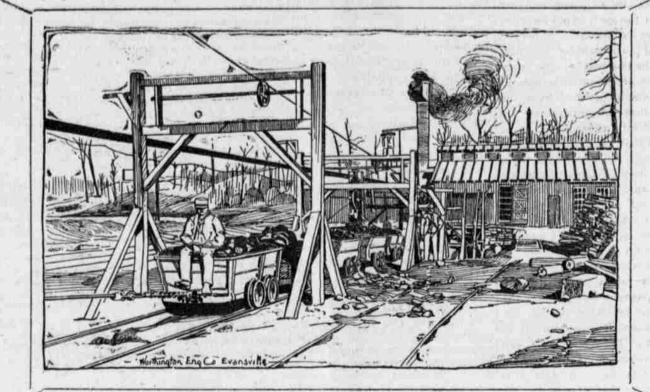
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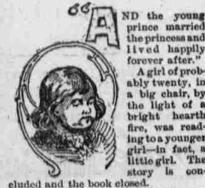
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ar Club Rates furnished for most papers and periodicals. Bee Publishing Co.,

A LITTLE MEDIATOR

How She Innocently Helped & Bashful Lover.



prince married the princess and A girl of probably twenty, in a big chair, by bright hearth fire, was reading to a younger girl-in fact, a little girl. The story is con-

"There, dear, how does that story please you? Don't you wish you knew such an interesting, handsome, noble prince as the one of whom I have just

This interrogation from the older girl the younger one unconsciously ignores for a time. She is dreaming. Her big, blue eyes are staring vacantly into the red embers which have fallen from the logs on the hearth. Then she sighs

Waking from her reverie, she turns those wide, wondering eyes to the face above her, for she is seated at the older

girl's knee, and asks:
"Do you know, Julia, that prince reminds me of Mr. Mercer? Mr. Mercer is handsome. And he's brave, too, cause he saved my dollie when it fell into the lake last summer. Only"—in a regretful tone—"he hasn't any pringess for his bride yet. But he will have, cause he said he would."

"Oh, he did!" from the older girl,
"Yes, he did. Least, he's going to "Yes, he did. Least, he's going to marry a queen. And isn't it strange, Julia, her name is just the same se

"Well," answered the little one, puckering her mouth in a childish, quizzical way, "while Mr. Mercer was walting for you to finish dressing for the theater the other evening, he took me on his knee and we sat here by the fire. I told him I was awful thed reading fairy stories, and asked him if he couldn't tell me one. He said he thought he didn't know any 'cept what's in the books, but 'course, if I

"Yes, and what Gid he tell you?" "He said: 'Once there was a man who liked a girl awful much, but he was afraid to tell her so, 'enuse he didn't know how she'd take it.' And he said: 'By Jove, I wish she wasn't so distant to me.' And I said: 'Is she so far away?' He said: 'No, not that kind of distant.' 'She's not kind to you, then?" said I. 'Well, not kind enough, said he. Then I told him she wasn't nice if she wasn't kind, and he said, right quick: 'Oh, yes, she is nice; she's adorable—she's a queen.' 'Why what's her name?' said I. Well, he was

staring in the fire, and he took a big. long breath and said: 'Julia.' " "Yes, yes," said the older girl, very much interested. "Go ca." " 'Why, that's my sister's name,'

said. 'Does she know her?' "And he jumped up so quick he really frightened me, but then he klased m and sat me on the edge of the table and said: 'Now, Joyce, I started in t tell you a fairy story, didn't I "Yes,' said I: 'but it wusn't much

count.' 'I know that,' sold be, aw quick; ' and I want you to forget a about it, and I'll come around son other time and tell you another one 'Well, if it isn't any better than the one you started you needn't come. said I. And he-why, he laughed and said he'd try and make the next more interesting. Then you came down-stairs, and when you were going out with him he turned around, put his fin-ger on his lips and he looked renl seri-

ous. I think-" "Why, Joyce, he meant you should not say anything about it.' "About what?"

"Why, about what he told you. It was naughty of you, Joyce; it was "Well, that's the second time I didn't know what 'keep quiet' meant. You

"I WANT YOU TO FORGET ALL ABOUT IT."

my, Joyce, you mustn't tell things like that.' But he didn't tell me that till I was all done talking."

"Oh, you horrid child! How dared you do such a thing? How-" Over come by her feelings, Miss Julia sat in silence, but she did a good deal or The two girls sat in quiet for a time

without speaking, and it was becom-ing embarrassing to both when the en

eard! "Mr. Mercer." "Tell Mr. Mercer to come up here. It's much warmer"—in an apologetic a sweet "Good night," the little one way—"and Joyce, it's far past your runs off to bed. way-"and Joyce, it's far past your bed-time. Say good night and run

Obeving her sister, Jovee just reaches the doorway when her path is blocked by the form of a tall, goodlooking young fellow, who stands

slightly surpresed, with a bulky package in his arms. "Good evening, Miss Julia. How are you, Joyce! You are not going as soon as I come, are you? Why, I have brought you a present. But then you won't want to see it until to-morrow."

"Oh, yes; show me now, please," pleads the little one. And while the young man kneels to untie the package he has brought, Joyce's diminutive figure squats on a

rug by the fire.

Giving vent to an exclumation of rush for the prize, and, obtaining it, better." spends several hurried moments in admiration and examination. Then, remembering about bed, she throws one him a hearty kiss, and, looking earnestly in his eyes, exclaims: "Oh, you are so good!" and turning to her sister, she says: "Isn't he, Julia?"

With a perceptible blush, the sister answers: "Why, yes he is, indeed. But you must run off to bed now." With a happy smile on her little face Joyce kisses both her sister and Mercer good night and starts off to

But at the door she healtates, stops and turns. "Mr. Mercer," she says, "I hope you won't be angry, but didn't forget that fairy story you told me, and I told Julia about it. Now, you're not angry, are you?"

Mercer just about realizes what the

child has said. He is dazed, but he replies with a nervous, forced laugh: "Am I angry? Oh, no; not at all." The little one is too young to notice-but the older girl does-that

this is said in a sarcastic way, kindly withal. "I'm so glad," Joyce says, in a re-lieved tone. "I didn't think you would be angry 'cause I told Julia you liked her. 'Cause you do, don't you?"
Miss Julia has not only had trouble



ger of fainting from embarrassment. However, she controls herself long

Without any further remarks, save

The unexpected declaration that Joyce had made regarding the secrets each had thought buried in the child had quite unnerved Julia.

Walking to the window, Julia hides her face in the folds of a friendly curtain. The fire on the hearth had almost died out. Nothing came from the embers save a dull red glow. The lamp had not been lighted, and the room was becoming enveloped in darkness. Julia throws back the heavy curtains and the rich, silvery light from a full, round moon flows softly into the room.

And as the midnight hour draws nearer there comes floating to the window, over the city's roofs, the sound of chimes, as soft and as pure as the moon's white rays.

"Listen to the bells. Won't you come surprise and delight, Joyce makes a to the window? You can hear them

Mercer accepts the girl's invitation and is sure he can detect a tenderness in her voice that she had never used to little arm around Mercer's neck; the him before. A hope springs up in his other tightly holds the doll. She gives | breast, and as he reaches her side he tenderly takes her hand within his own and says, almost in a whisper, as if moved by the stillness and the mystic music of the chimes:
"Miss Merton-Julia-Joyce asked

ne a question before she left us to-You heard it?" Faintly and faltering comes a "yes."

"Let me answer it to you. I like you. More than that, I love you. Tell me that I may hope."

Julia raises her head, and in her yes he reads his answer. Tenderly he stoops and kisses the lips upturned to

his, and locked in his strong embrace she stands silently, happy in his love. And who knows, as they stood there together, but what both blessed the child who had unconsciously told each

A conception of the ingenuity in-

colved in the construction of some of he finer tools now employed in various manufactures may be obtained from he following fact: A machine for turning out watch screws was recently ex-hibited at the institution of mechanical engineers in London, which was so complicated that several skilled engineers present confessed that they were un-able to follow the train of mechanism, even when it was explained by the aid of working drawings. Yet this madoing its work, turning out perfect screws, and as long as the wire lasts it requires no interference by its human

-The Duke-"What on earth are you doing down there, darling?" The Ducheas (formerly Miss May Yohe, of the "Hilarity")—"Burning your love letters, dear; there's no need to keep 'em now."—Pick-Mo-Up.

Too Good for Earth. Binks-Sad affair, Goodman's death, don't believe he had an enemy in the Why, even his relatives always spoke well of himi-Puck.

A satisfactory Explanation. Editor—Somehow or other, I don't see the sense of this thing? Poet-My dear sir, that's poetryl-At-

JOYS OF THE GREAT. Czar., Kalsers and Kings All Fond of Ra

pensive Playthings.
A big toy-maker in London received some time back an order from the late ezar of Russia. It is common talk that this homely man was the biggest of all the children who annually gather under the family roof at Fredensbutg. Few people know, however, how strong was his love for a plaything. He had

in his collection some of the prettiest models of ironelads imaginable. One of them cost over a thousand pounds There is another in solid silver, and a superb wooden model of full-rigged to the dellest boy. His last purchase was the model of an Atlantic steamer. It is a great piece of work, the shi The precise cost of this mostl was eleven hundred on mis-

Of all the ro and there are m ny-it a. a. queen is most fund of a beautiful w ng model of the heavens. Th genius piece of mechanism shows model of the moon, which rev about the earth; and all the plane with their satellites, ere properly rep resented. For a study of astronomy and for a right understanding of the celestial globe, there could be nothing finer than this model. It shows our moving round the sun. It gives a per-fect idea of the relative positions of the primary planets, and it is worked

the perfection of ingenuity.

The duke of York is yet boyish enough to collect stamps, and has perhaps the finest collection of any ama teur in the kingdom. He has recently spent some hundreds of pounds adding to this, but it is not his only weakness. He has also developed a great taste for sculling about in a toy boat on the lake by the cottage at Sandringham.

In Munich they show you now with an especial pride the lake upon which the late king of Bavaria used to be drawn about in a boat towed by swans. Dressed cap-a-pie as Lohengrin, thisin some ways-remarkable man spent many hours of the day aping knights of the swan; and really delud-ed himself into the bellef that he was a person of heroic virtue. When this vagary wearled him, and the winter days were long and dull, he would get him into the country. and there flash through the hills in a sledge of gold, all lit up with electric lamps, and so curiously fashioned that the peasants who saw it believed that a heavenly apparation had been vouchsafed to them. This impression the madmar loved to magnify, choosing always the hour of midnight for this exercise, and rarely returning before three or four

o'clock in the morning. minister, standing high in the confi-dence of the Kaiser Francis Joseph, who devotes the whole of his spare time to a room full of toy theaters. Many of these were made in London and especially sent over for this eccentric old fellow, who has enough mimic stages to supply an orphanage. It is said that whether a new piece is produced at any of the theaters in the city of his little stages, and has a set of characters cut out of paper with which to play it. He works the whole thing himself, and being an admirable mimber huntin' fer clews.—N. Y. Weekly.

ic, he's the source of large amusement to his friends, who know that on every other point he is one of the sanest men

in the empire. The German emperor's toys are almost as numerous as his uniforms. He possesses a beautiful working model of a railway, with engine, cars, points, signals and stations. This he works etensibly for the amusement of his children, in reality for his own amusement. He has also purchased for his ment. He has also purchased for his nursery one of the finest collections of toy soldiers in the world. So well are I have several hundred thousand his sons supplied with tin troops, with cannon, artillery, ammunition wagons, tents and fortresses, that the whole "Then if I were as rich as you, and floor of the great room of the palace snored as loud as you, I should take a at Berlin can be covered with them, whole carriage, so as not to interrup and a mimic battle fought on a European scale. But perhaps the amperor's avorite toys are his little steam launches, of which he possesses a surprising number. He has recently given an order to a Thames builder to make ther can't go out no als any more, by him a little electric launch, which the doctor's orders, and so can't carr

can be his own skipper and steersman. -Cassells Journal. "I see," observed Mr. Chugwater, looking over his morning paper "they're making another effort to put a tax on bachelors." "Is that the single tax I've heard so

that his majesty, sitting in the stern,

ter.-Chicago Tribune. Boy-The number 13 is awful un-Mother-Why do you think so?

Boy-There's just 13 in our spelling class, and I've been at the foot of it ever since it started. -Good News.

"No," replied the haughty girl, "I want his plays."-Washington Star.

-The Church Missionary society of the Church of England has the largest income of any missionary organization in the world, amounting to more than \$1,250.000 annually. For the last year it reports 423 stations, 339 ordained workers, and nearly 600 native preachers, teachers and helpers. There were

the year. ask for better food than plain roast beef and baked potatoes.

nearly four thousand conversions for

Wife (to husband)-There were two hate that I liked, one for thirteen dol-lars and the other for eighteen dollars. Husband-Which did you finally deelde upon? Wife-The eighteen-dollar one. I'm a little superstitious about the number thirteen.—Boston Globe.

Burglar — There goes a detective. Pick his pocket and bring me his knife. Pickpocket—Wotd'yeh want his knife

Neglected Opportunity. Lord Aberdeen once left London a michight in a sleeping car for the

ger opposite him.
"Excuse me," said the stranger, "may I ask if you are rich?" Somewhat surprised, his lordship re-plied that he was tolerably well-to-do. "May I ask," continued the stranger

"Indeed!" went on the stranger whole carriage, so as not to interrupt

Little Girl-Pless rive me a few pennics Mother - and and my fa-

when finished will be as pretty as any any money toy in the kingdom. It is scarcely the Charitably Disposed Lady—Can't go toy in the kingdom. It is scarcely the Charitably Disposed Lady—Can't go size of a skiff, yet is to be shaped like a out nights? Why, dear child, what is regular steamer, and to be so arranged your father's business?

Little Girl-He's a burglar, ma'am, and before he was taken down with a cough we used to live beautifully.-

Not a Work of Necessity. "You mustn't black your shoes this morning, Johnny," said Mr. Billus.

"Because it's Sunday. You should have attended to that matter last night. Besides," added Mr Billus, burriedly feeling in his apper left-hand vest pocket, "I want you to run over to the drug store and get me some cigars."-Chicago Tribune.

Why She Got Mad. Crimsonbeak-Bacon has had a fulling out with his girl. Yeast-What about?

"Why, he wrote some poetry and dedicated it to her. The last line he "Did you say you wanted Shake-speare's works?" asked the book store clerk. wrote: "Thy face shall ever be printed on my memory,' and the compositor got in the word 'painted' for 'printed." wrote: 'Thy face shall ever be printed Yonkers Statesman.

Flattehouse-1 managed to get ahea f our servant girl this morning. Diggins—How was that? Flattehouse—Discharged her before

he had time to leave. -Brooklyn Life Tragodian—Have they assigned you role that requires much study? Hamphat—I should say so. The manger told me it was a thinking part .-

hicago Record. Maud-Charley proposed to me night and we're engaged. Margaret-Goodnessi How did you manage it?-Chicago Record.

An Alry Affair. "They say Brown's new book is right reczy?" "Yes; great blow to the public."-

Atlanta Constitution.

Miss Wanterno-Can you write as well after a good, heavy dinner?
Mr. Inkleigh (sadly)-I really don't

Mrs. Beggen- Have you found may

"Ha," she hissed, or gusped, to She held in her hand a long, black

"Whose is it?" she demanded to know, "I found it on your coat sleeve." "It is yours, my dear," said the man, onscious in his own rectitude. "But it is black and mine is blonde."

"Of course. But this one got on my

Baffled, yet unconvinced, she strode from the room.—Indianapolis Journal.

She-Do you think the time will ever come when woman will propose?

He—I don't see why it shouldn't.

suppose you proposed to me to-night, and I said yes, what-She-Oh. Henry, this is so sudden But, never mind; it is just as well, and

mother, I know, will be delighted .-Milwaukee Catholic Citizen. A Labor Saver. Mrs. Minks-Have you filled the par-

lor lamp? Domestic-I guess it don't need fillin'. "The parlor was in use last evening until mearly mile by"

"Yes. ma'am, but your daughter's young man was the only ealler."-N Y. Prima Pacia Evidence. Mother-My dear, your father is wor-

ried about your engagement. He fears that Alfred wants to break it. Miss Rosebud-Why, what put such a silly idea as that into his head? Mother-He says that for the past two months his gas bills have been twice as large as they were.-Brooklyn

> " I'll never use tobacco, not The each day finds him smoking still

"You paid \$5 to get that watch cleaned? Was that all you had done to

"That was all. They charged me \$6 for simply cleaning it."
"Was there nothing broke?"
"Well, yea. I broke me."—Chicago

Tribune. Little Ethel—Pape, I think you ought to have the doctor come and see John-ny. I'm 'fraid he's sick.

Papa-Sick! He's out in the street playing and yelling like a wild Indian. Little Ethel—Yes, but when he's well he yells like two wild Indians.—Good News.

Mrs. Doosledoff—Mrs. Bumpus is a roman of tremendous push. Mrs. Criggleston—I should say so Where did you become aware of

Mrs. Doozledoff — At the bargain counter,—Brooklyn Eagle. His Motive.

Fond Mother — Clarence, didn't I overhear you praying at bedtime for God to keep Willy Wiggles from harm during the night?

Little Clarence—Yep: I wanted him spared, so's I could liek the stuffin' out of him to-day.—Puck.

him to-day. -Puck.